

AN
E G L E Y
UPON THE
Most Execrable MURDER of
Mr. CLUN
On of the COMEDIANs of the THEATOR ROYAL,
Who was Rob'd and most inhumanely Kill'd on Tuesday-night, being the 2^d. of
August, 1664. near Tatem-Court, as as he was Riding to his Country-house
at Kent:stow.

Mourn Royal Stage, your *Poets* pens implore,
To cease to write, since *Clun* can be no more,
Turn all your *Scenes* to black, and let them be,

The Emblimes of our cares; *Cluns* Tragedy:
Go hide your Tapestry, and Clothes of green;
A& now on black, *Clun* will no more be seen.
Be dumb you drolling *wits*, not fighting stand;
For Comick *Clun* that dy'd by Tragick hand.
Mirth learn to mourn, and banish all our Smiles;
Since *Clun* has plaid the last of his *Beguiles*:
How can my pen bid thy last *Rights* adue,
When I want words to set thy fames forth true;
'Tis beyond *Prose*, or Art of humane *Verse*,
Thy taking-Humours to their worth rehearse.
Dye all desire of seeing more the *Stage*,
Now thou art dead, the Mirror of our Age;
For in thy Action all our joyes were seen,
Nor wert thou less to either *King* or *Queen*.
Thou who in polished words, and Womans dress,
Didst Lovers passions to the height express;
And made us weep, at seeming sorrow swell,
To hear and see like truth a Fiction sell:
And when we frown'd at some prodigious birth,

Merry
Devil of
Edmun-
son.
How? Thou in a moment chang'd that *Scene* to mirth;
Then *Smug* and *Bessus*, *Fan'staff* and the rout
Broke from thy Lips, to make us face about:

The Humo-
rous Lie-
tenant.
More of
Venice.

Blind in our haste, will *Bessus* run away?
Yet in the mouth of danger get the day;
And thy *Lieutenant* in his *Drink-mad-fight*
To gain those *Trophies* which was but thy right.
O! but *Iago*, when we think on thee,
Not to applaud thy vice of Flattery;
Yet must that Part never in our thoughts dye,
Since thou didst Act, not mean that Subtlisty:
Thou all of all, and only Actor he,
That ere trode *Stage* in *English* Comedy.
But Hellish Fiends, what Devil reign'd in you,
To Rob and Murder him that fed you too?
Could not his Money your curst spleen abate,
Without he fell a victive to your hate?
What Execrations shall my pen indite,
Against such Rogues that Eclips'd *Clun* our Light?
Plagues worse then *Egypt*s be your portion here,
And may you never mount Heavens Hyemspear:
Could I say more, or wish you worse I would,
Therefore ile hold, for fear I wish you good.
But Oh, black death, something Ile say of thee,
For thou didst act among this treachery,
And thy hand did seal our poor *Clus* death,
Who oft us pleas'd with (that you took) his breath:
O thou unkind and mortal foe to man,
Who still art blind, yet checks all thou can.

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